



UNDERWORLD
U N L E A S H E D

13
NOV 95

STARMAN



SINS of the
CHILD

part 2 of 5

ROBINSON

HARRIS

VON GRAWBADGER



HARRIS 95

IT'S A GOOD DAY. AT LEAST AS IT STARTS.

TED'S BONES HAVEN'T HURT (LIKE AN OLD MAN'S BONES SHOULD HURT) IN A WEEK.

TODAY, HE AWOKE AND SWORE HE DIDN'T FEEL A DAY OVER SIXTY.

TODAY HIS SON WAS FREED OF BLAME FOR THE DEATH OF A BASTARD.

ALTHOUGH IT WILL SOON BE WARMER, THERE'S STILL A LINGERING LICK IN THE AIR THIS MORN. IT'S STILL SPRING, JUST HIS FAVORITE SEASON. WHEN THE SUN MAY SHINE, BUT AT LEAST HAS THE DECENCY TO WEAR A SCARF AS IT DOES SO.

AND SOMEWHERE OFF, TED CAN HEAR MUSIC. SOMEONE AWAKENING TO SATURN FROM THE HOLST'S PLANETS.

INDEED.

A GOOD DAY.

AT 9:59 AM.

WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMS SALT MELLOW AND PEPPER SHARP.

AT LEAST FOR NOW IT DOES.

OF COURSE, YOU KNOW...

WELL, YOU LOOK RELIEVED.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA, DAD. NO IDEA.

MAN, THAT IS ONE TON OF WEIGHT...

...THAT BY 12:00 IT'S ALLLL GOING TO CHANGE.

Ted's Day

OF THE CHILD: Part two

JAMES ROBINSON
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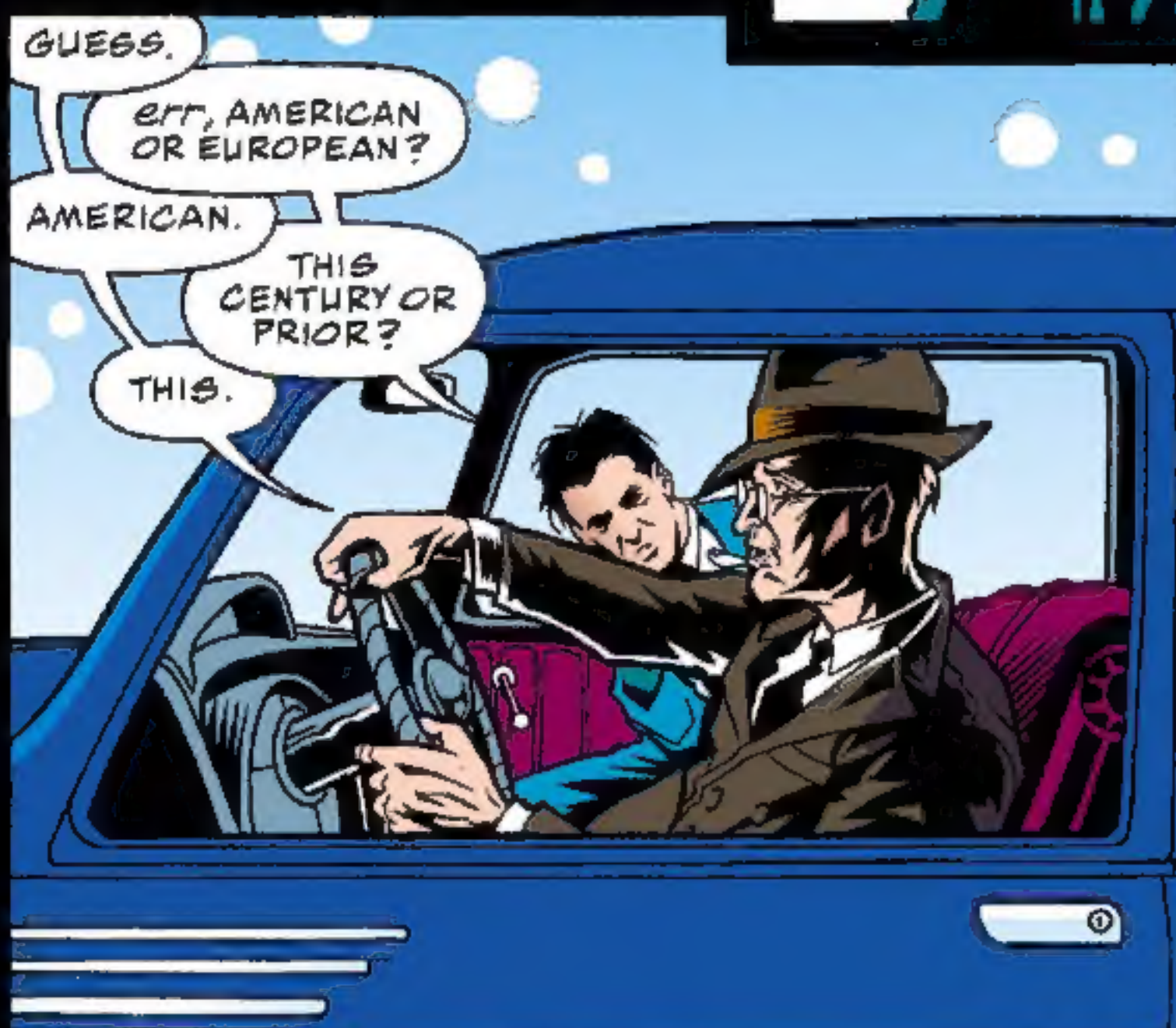
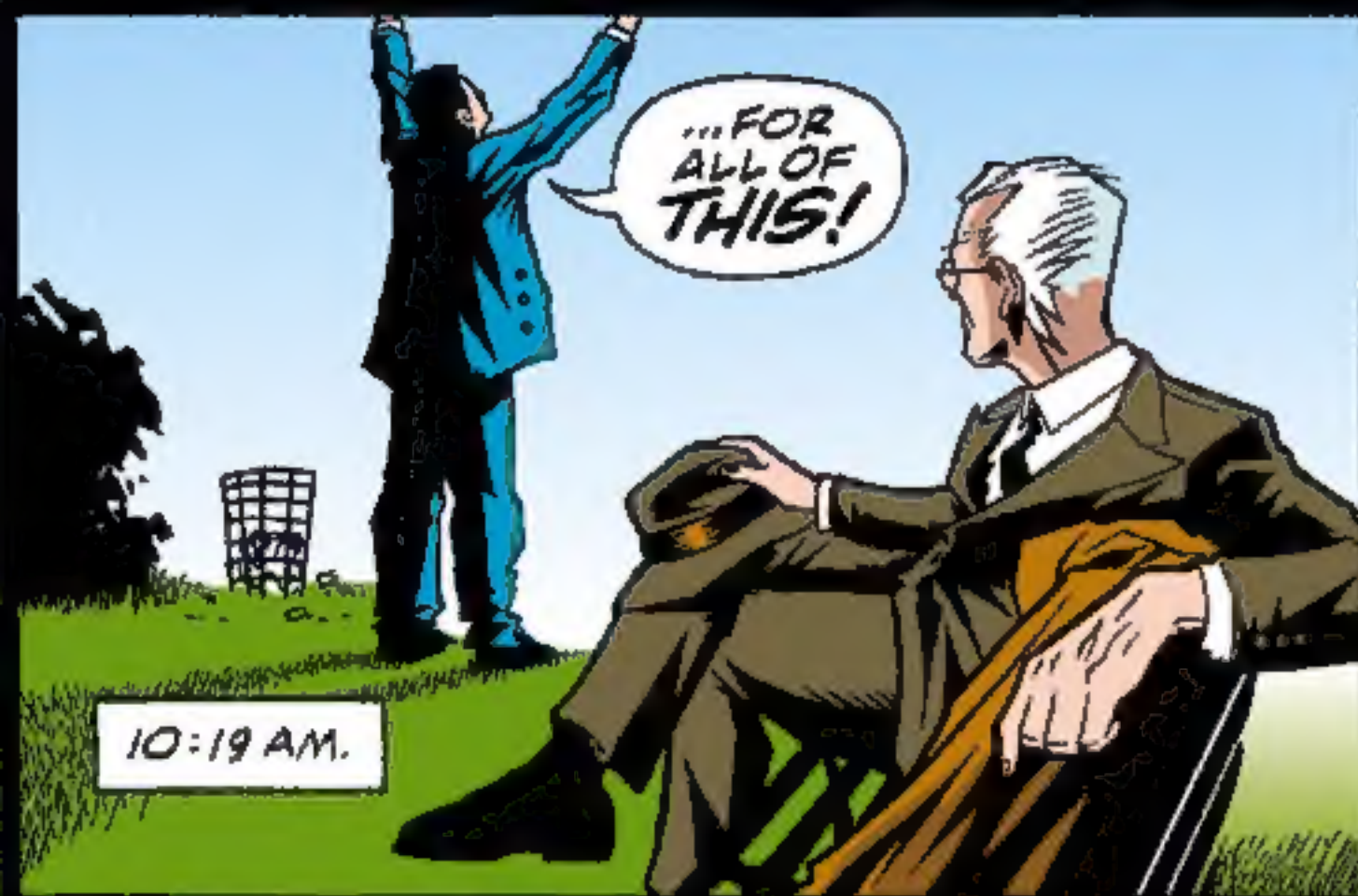
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FROZEN, PERFECT ART, THOUGH PERHAPS A LITTLE DEVOID OF FEELING. LIKE SCIENCE. BUT OF THE OLD DAYS. NOTHING TOO MOD.



IT'S JACKSON POLLOCK. HE'S THE MAN, JACK. YOUR MOTHER DRAGGED ME KICKING AND SCREAMING TO ONE OF HIS GALLERY OPENINGS.



MURDER
#2.

SAM DOONIE.
MUSEUM
CURATOR,
RETIRED.



11:26 AM.



THE BEAUTY
ALWAYS GOES.

BLUE?
WHY
THAT?

THE GREEN
GIRL. AND...

...I REMEMBER
A PLACE... TIME...
LIFE...

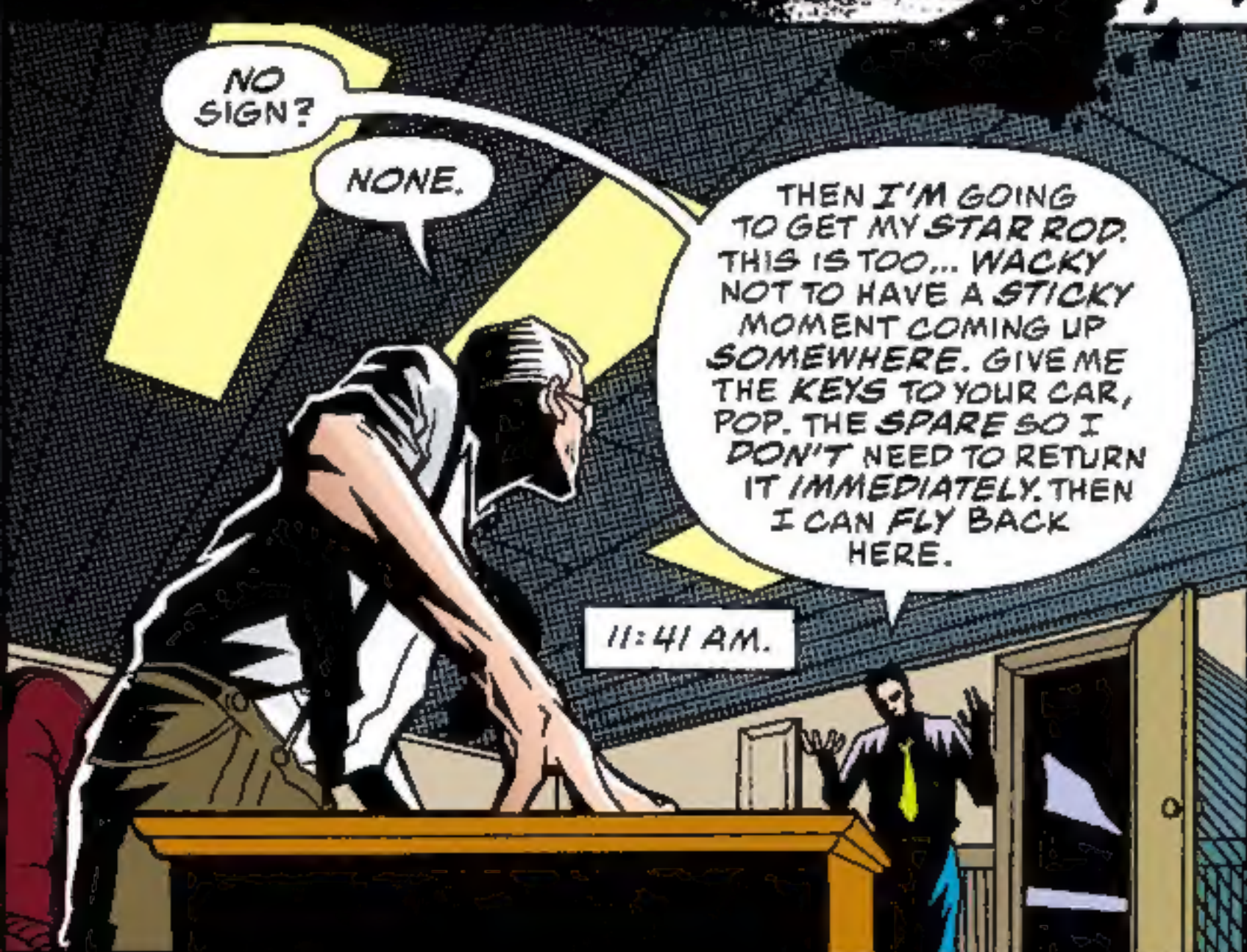
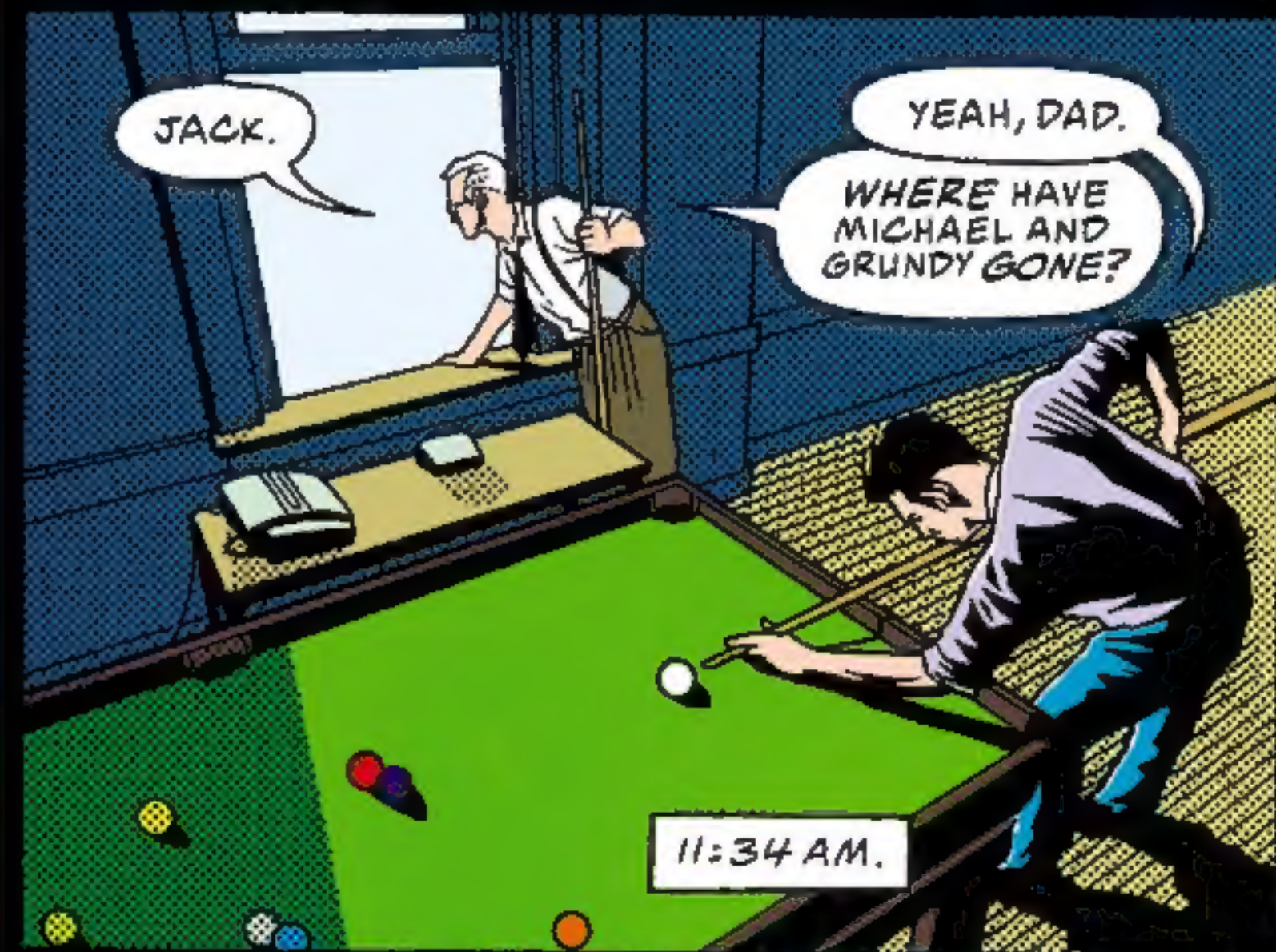
THAT
BEAUTIFUL
ONCE TOO,
GRUNDY
THINK.

GONE.

WHY THE
BEAUTY
GONE?
ALWAYS?



11:25 AM.



4:57 PM.

"NO WORD FROM JACK.
NO SIGN OF MICHAEL
OR GRUNDY. THIS IS
BAD. BAD..."

"...AND POINTLESS.

"MY WAITING HERE. I'M
NOT AN OLD MAN. SINCE
WHEN DO I SIT AROUND
AND LET JACK TAKE CARE
OF THINGS?"

TED COUGHS SLIGHTLY AS HE THINKS THIS.
(THE COUGH THE PRODUCT OF TOO MUCH
CHEESE IN HIS OMELET BRUNCH, NOT SOME
OLD MAN'S DEADLY AILMENT.)

"I'M NOT AN OLD
MAN," HE THINKS
AGAIN.

"NOT IN MY
HEART."

8:49 PM.

I'VE BEEN
SEARCHING THE CITY
FOR HOURS. NO SIGN OF
MICHAEL OR GRUNDY. BUT
THE ALARMS RINGING.
POLICE SIRENS, THE CRIME,
SUDDENLY EVERYWHERE,
IS--

IT'S CRAZY, TED.
NOT LIKE THE OLD
MIST AND HIS CRIME
WAVE WHEN YOUR
SON WAS KILLED,
BUT CRAZY JUST
THE SAME.

WORSE, WE GOT WORD
THAT THE NEW MIST HAS
BROUGHT IN AT LEAST
ONE SUPER-VILLAIN
FROM OUT OF TOWN.
THOUGH HEAVEN KNOWS
WHICH ONE OR WHY HE
OR SHE IS NEEDED.
THIS IS ALL TOO--

BARRY! IT'S YOUR
BROTHER, MASON...
I JUST GOT A CALL FROM
HIS PRECINCT. YOUR
BROTHER TOOK A SLUG,
STOPPING TWO OF THE
MIST'S TEAM.

WHEN?

TEN
MINUTES
AGO.

JUST A SHOULDER
WOUND, BUT HE'S ON
HIS WAY TO THE
HOSPITAL.

SMALL STRIKES
ALL OVER. IN AND
OUT. SMALLER TEAMS.
MORE PRECISE.

WE'RE TAPPED OUT,
MANPOWER-WISE.



AHH, NO. DID HE GET THE PERPS, AT LEAST?

YEAH. YEAH, ONE TO THE HOSPITAL AND ONE TO THE CORONER.



TED, I GOTTA--

I UNDERSTAND. YOUR BROTHER NEEDS YOU.



I'LL CALL YOU IF I HEAR ANYTHING. AND YOU ALREADY SPOKE TO CLARENCE, RIGHT? HE'LL CALL YOU TOO, IF WORD BREAKS.

YES. THAT'S ALL I CAN ASK. THANKS.



"IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN."

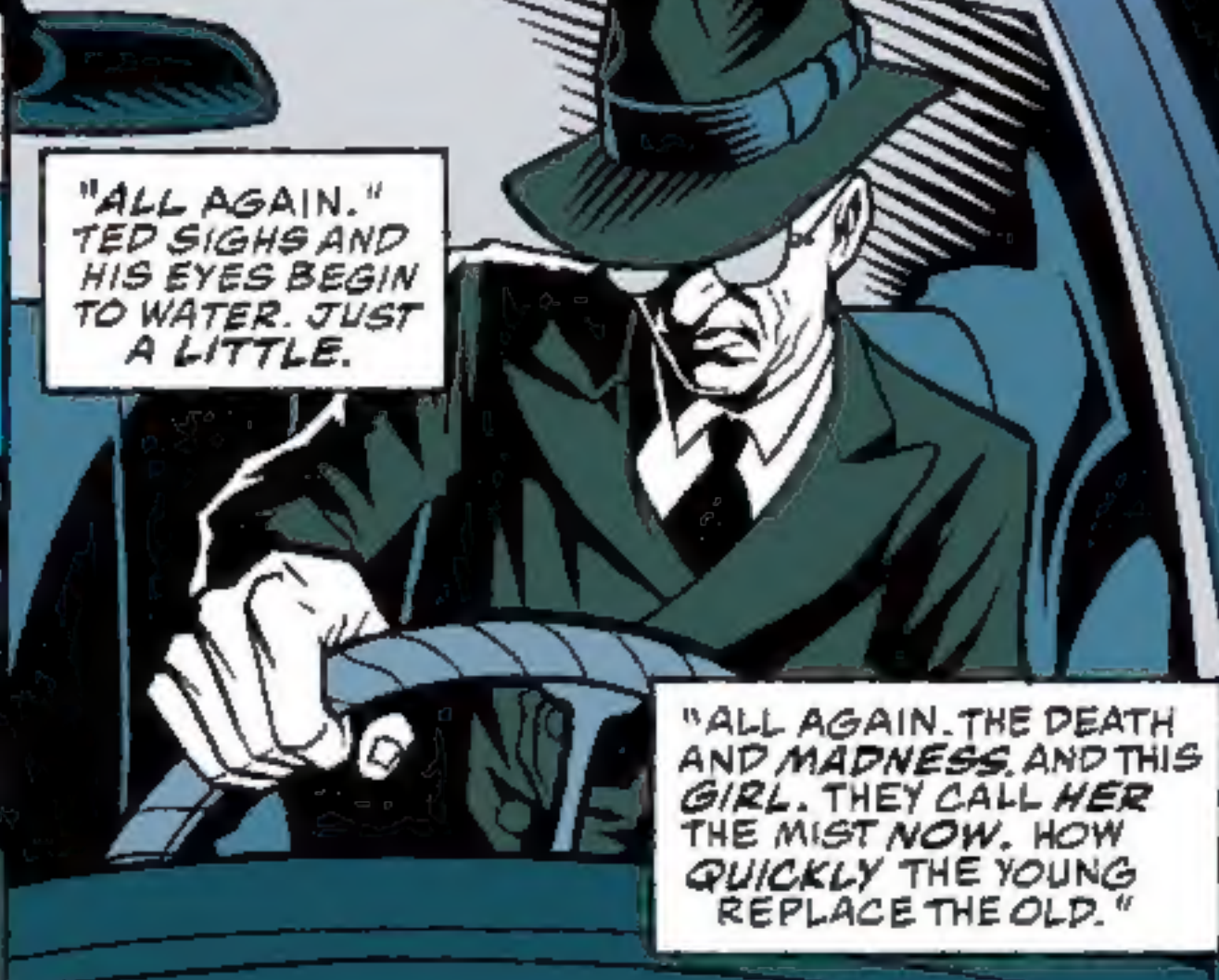
--SHOOTING IN BLAKE TOWERS. MR. DELANEY WAS FOUND IN HIS BATH--



--BLAZE WAS THE DIRECT RESULT OF THE GAS TANK EXPLODING. THE FLAMES HAVE SPREAD TO AN ADJOINING APARTMENT BLOCK WHERE RESIDENTS ARE BEING EVACUATED--



--THREE DEAD IN A JEWELRY ROBBERY. THE MIST'S MEN ARE--



"ALL AGAIN." TED SIGHS AND HIS EYES BEGIN TO WATER. JUST A LITTLE.

"ALL AGAIN. THE DEATH AND MADNESS. AND THIS GIRL. THEY CALL HER THE MIST NOW. HOW QUICKLY THE YOUNG REPLACE THE OLD."



"WELL, IF THEY'RE TOO BUSY TO FIND MICHAEL AND GRUNDY, UNTIL JACK GETS BACK I SUPPOSE IT'S UP TO ME."

"YES. ME, ALONE."

AFTER ALL...

PRIVATE STAIRS



...I'M
NOT AN OLD
MAN.

9:41 PM.



TED KNIGHT.

WE HAVEN'T
MET. HAVE WE?
I DON'T THINK
SO, ANYWAY.

LITTLE
MISSIE
MIST
SENT
ME.

HER SPORT
IS WITH YOUR
SON. SHE JUST
WANTED YOU
KILLED QUICK
AND CLEAN...



...BY ME.

DR.
PHOSPHORUS.

HELLO.

AT FIRST.

AT FIRST.



AT FIRST.

SZZIIZZT



PRIMAL
FEAR.

PANIC.

AT FIRST.



FOR TED, THE
JUMPING BACK
INTO THE PERILS
OF YORE...



...TAKES A
MOMENT...

...OR TWO...

IT'S
FUNNY...

...HOW
THINGS
HAPPEN.



...OF ADJUSTMENT.

AND THEN
THE IDEAS
COME.

MISSIE MIST
CONTACTED ME... HIRED
ME, WHILE STILL IN
PRISON.

BUT IN THE TIME
BETWEEN THEN AND
NOW, SOMEONE
ELSE APPROACHED
ME.

OFFERING ME
POWER. MORE
POWER. MY POWER
BUT MORE SO.



"THIS FOOL
ISN'T MY
DEATH. I'VE
HAD
BIGGER...



"...BETTER
THAN HIM."

YES...



...IT'S FUNNY
HOW THINGS
WORK OUT.



DON'T YOU
THINK?



THINK?

I DON'T
GIVE A
DAMN!



I TOLD YOU, I'M
BETTER. FASTER.
STRONGER. I'M
STEVE AUSTIN WITH
A FIERY
NOODLE.

MY POWER
IS TWENTY
TIMES WHAT IT
WAS. THIS...

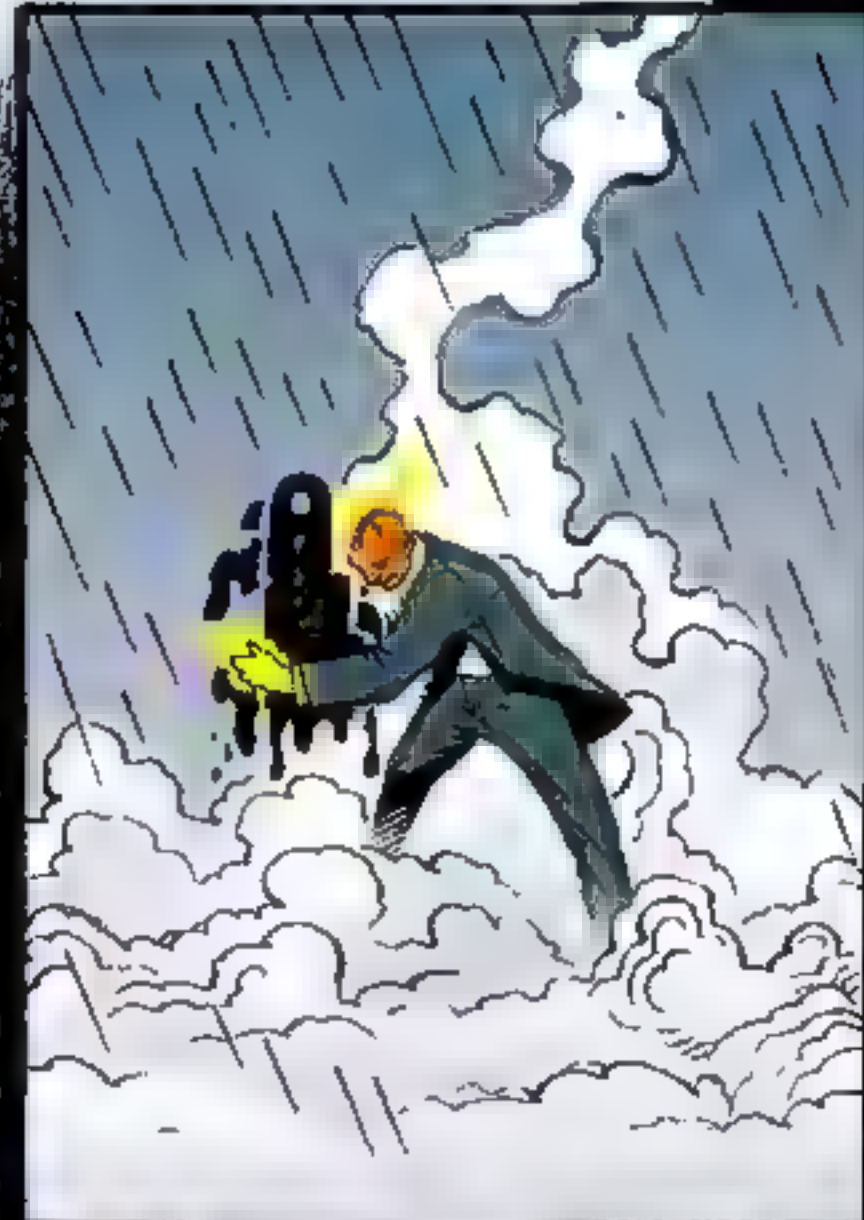
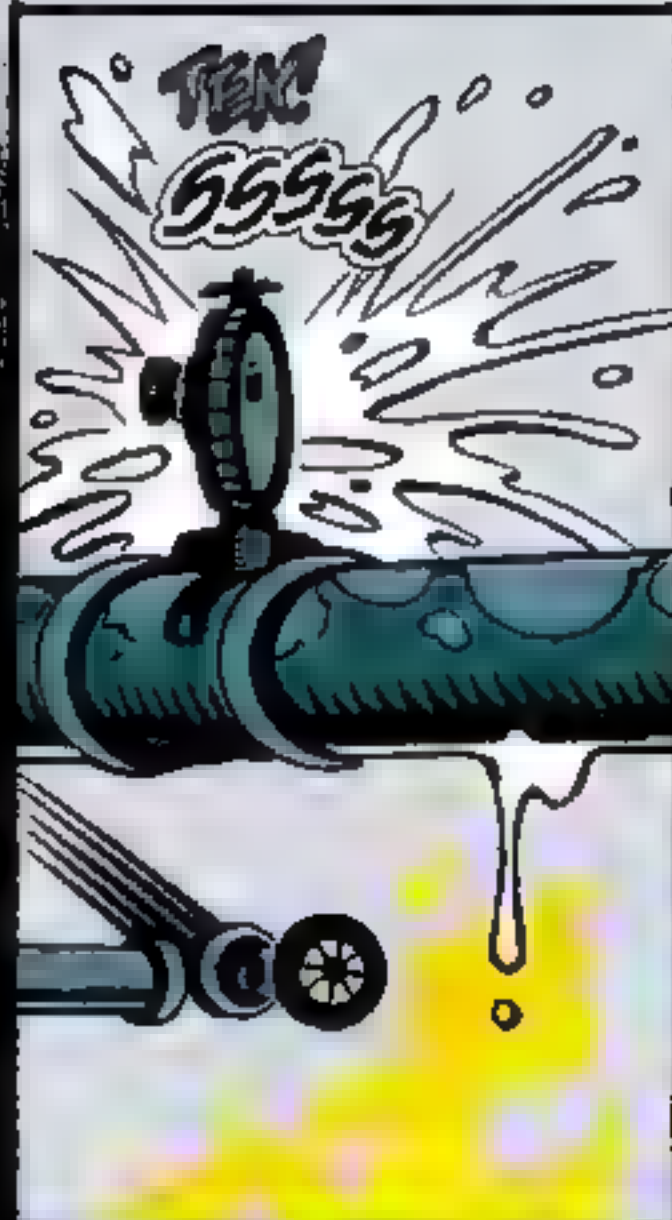
HAVEN'T
YOU
LISTENED?

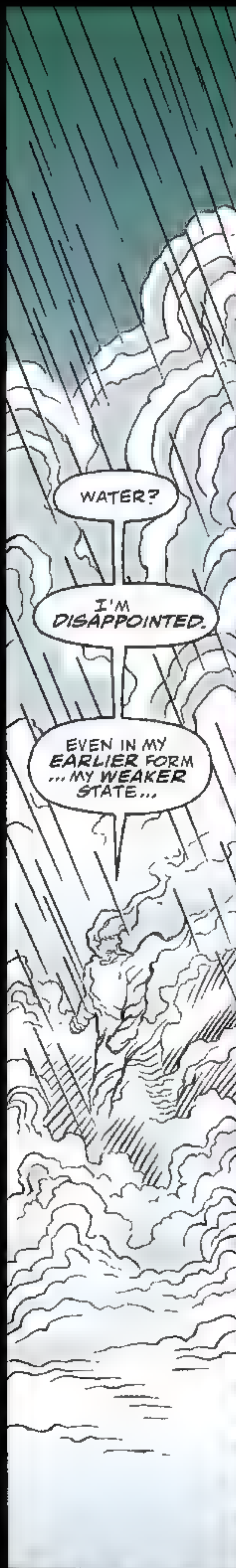
...IS
NOTHING!



"YES, YOUR
POWER. NICE
AND HOT

"KEEP IT
NICE AND
HOT."





"I DIDN'T WORK,"
THINKS TED "HE'S
PHOSPHORUS, AND
OF COURSE IT
DIDN'T WORK

"BUT..."

"...WHAT IT
DID DO..."

"...WAS GIVE
ME THE NEXT
IDEA."

THEN THE
SIREN'S WAIL.
SUDDEN.

"AN ALARM... THE OLD
MAN HITS THE ALARM,"
THINKS PHOSPHORUS,
REALIZING HIS KILL
WILL HAVE TO BE ALL
THE SWIFTER FOR IT.

BUT NO,

IT'S JUST
THE PHONES
THROUGHOUT
THE HOUSE...

...A DISJOINTED
CHORUS. "SHRILL
IN THE SILENCE
OF KNIGHT'S
TWILIGHT."

HELLO,
DAD. IT'S
JACK.
LISTEN--

TOO LATE,
KNIGHT.

YOUR FATHER
IS DEAD.

NOW...



THIS...

K
K
A
H
H
H

...WAS ALWAYS
TED'S GRAND
DESIGN. LEAD HIM
HERE. GET HIM TO
THIS ROOM.

FIRE THE BLASTER,
IF THAT'S WHAT
IT TAKES.

THROW HIM
INTO THIS
ROOM.

WHOOFF!

TED HAD BEEN TRUE
TO HIS PROMISE
TO JACK.

YOU'RE
SCARED.

TED KNIGHT,
THE HERO.
SCARED

DEVELOPING COSMIC
POWER FOR GOOD...
GIANT GENERATORS
TO HARNESS
THAT POWER.

err...uhh...

THE LINING OF
THESE GENERATORS
REQUIRES THE
DEVELOPMENT OF A
SPECIAL COOLANT.

A LIQUID
COOLANT.

NOT
SCARED.

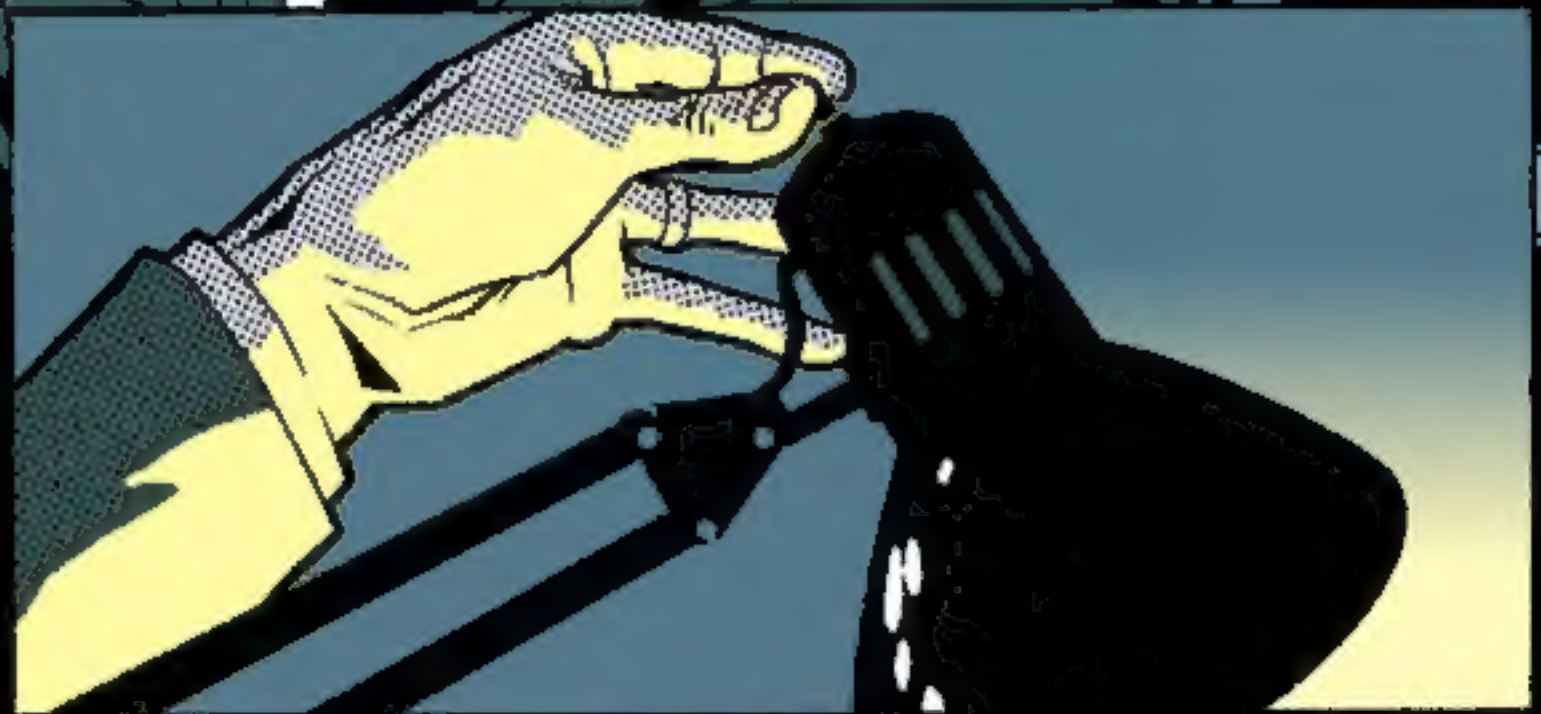
SMART.

AND THIS IS
THE POURING
ROOM.

Z
U
U
U
H









--TALK ON THE HOUR, ABOUT HOW THIS MIRRORS HER FATHER'S EARLIER CRIMEWAVE--

--WE'RE GOING AGAIN TO THAT EXTRAORDINARY FOOTAGE FROM OUR NEWSCOPTER OF THE CHANDLER BUILDING AS IT BLEW UP AT 9:50 PRECISELY--



REQUIRE AS



--POLICE STILL REFUSE TO SPECULATE ON THE MIST'S INVOLVEMENT IN THIS--



THEY WILL, HOWEVER, CONFIRM HER ROLE AS THE MURDERER OF WILSON MAY, THE ARTIST, IN HIS UPPER CRANSTON APARTMENT ROOF GARDEN--

UPPER CRANSTON



WILSON? DEAD?

--THIS BRINGS THE MIST'S PERSONAL DEATH TOLL TODAY TO SIX--



--ON A RELATED NOTE, MURDERS FROM THE MIST'S TEAMS' CRIMEWAVE ESCALATE WITH THE 52ND STREET CARTER'S BANK MASSACRE. DETAILS STILL COMING IN ON THAT ONE--



--AND ON THE STREET, OPAL CITIZENS SEEM TO SHARE THE SAME QUESTION. THE SAME QUESTION ASKED AND ASKED, OVER AND OVER--

--WHERE IS STARMAN?



INDEED...



Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT
AWESOME
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP